



The Lake



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Chapter 1 by Jenny Neill

I never saw it coming. I had been cautious, yes, but I always hoped that my precautions were unnecessary.

It was July, I was fresh out of school and feeling pretty happy with the fact that I get to do nothing for three months. But what I was the most happy about was the fact that soon, I would see my true love, Wren.

Wren was my best friend online. He did all he could to prove to me that he was real, like taking pictures of himself doing ridiculous things when I asked. He was courteous, /hilarious/, and he had these bright green eyes that glowed like living emeralds. It wasn't long before we fell in love.

And don't get me wrong. I am /not/ the type of girl who just falls in love with every guy she meets, online or off. I have maybe dated three people max, and I was only in love once before. But that's another story.

What Wren made me feel was something beyond love. Or maybe it was love, and whatever I felt before was not. That's what sucks about being human. You just don't know.

We agreed that, on the last day of our lives, we would meet each other at The Lake. Romantic, right? The Lake is a place where legends have been told, or so the superstitious geezers in my town say. It was a burial ground, and much more.

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It is a very public place, so of course I agreed to meeting him there. We agreed to meet at the docks by the entrance.

I got in my car and raced there like a bullet. My mind raced with thoughts, and my heart pounded, but I tried to ignore it.

I reached the docks and sat, my feet in the water. My dark hair sprawled out around the wooden dock around me, and I tried to slow my breathing.

That's when I heard footsteps behind me.

I got up and turned around, excited and nervous.

Standing there was Wren, his vivid green eyes glowing even more so in the light of the summer sun.

He smiled at me, "Hey, Nessie."

I laughed at the nickname, and ran to hug him. He laughed again, "Hey, what if I'm an ax murderer? You shouldn't be hugging me so soon."

I laughed at him. "Right, like /you/ could ever kill someone." I was so in love.

"Vanessa, I got you something." He lifted a necklace up to me, encrusted with huge jewels. I almost cried.

I choked out a thanks as he put it around my neck.

It was... sturdy. /Heavy/. But I couldn't take it off in front of him. It could wait until I got home.

We talked, and walked closer to the docks. He laced his hands through mine, our fingers entwining. I never wanted to let him go.

That's when he pushed me into the water.

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Chapter 2 by New Blue Club

I fell those short five inches

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How could my love do this? Was this even the real Wren? I bet this was some weird, psycho, killer robot pretending to be Wren. Or maybe an alien robot. Gosh, I was reading too much science-fiction.

What if that stupid Alien book was the last book I ever read? Will this be the last time I see my little sister, my older brother, my single mother, my cousin? No, I *will* live through this. There is *no way* I will die this young!

A scream rose from the depths of my throat, and my instinct to breathe came a second before I hit the dark, blue water. Instantly, I began to sink into the water's dark depths.

I flailed and tugged at the necklace in attempt to somehow get it to release it's strong grasp on my neck. I knew I was not thinking clearly, but yet I couldn't remember how to get the darn thing off of me. I continued to fall as I wrestled with the necklace. Why wouldn't the darn thing come off? Where was the clasp?

As I was dragged down to the sandy bottom of the lake by the necklace, it was apparent to me that I would meet my doom here. My lungs burned as I gave up on trying to get the necklace off and tried to swim back towards the surface. Addressing the necklace first was my grave mistake and now I would pay for it with my life. I involuntarily inhaled some of the musty water and began to have a coughing fit- under the water. My vision became cloudy as black spots near the corner of my eyes became larger and larger, until I could see no more. My consciousness retreated to the back of my mind and I wished with all my might that I would be rescued.

Chapter 3 by New Blue Clue



There were just a few other people at the lake, leisurely walking around the surface. Most of them were old folks, some had brought their young grandkids to feed bread crumbs to the ducks. Nothing and no one to pay attention to a few teenagers. No one close enough to hear Vanessa's scream. No security cameras for miles. I stayed a few moments to make sure she didn't resurface, and then walked back to my car.

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I opened the door to my pink loner car and stripped off my wig, being grateful for the tinted windows. What would people think if they saw a boy with long, naturally green hair driving an eccentric car out of the biggest lake in the Scotland Highlands? The less myths added to The Lake, the better.

I glanced back at the lake. Poor Nessie, she was really a very nice Scottish girl. As I drove out of the parking lot, I hoped that I had given her a happy year and that she didn't suffer long. I hoped her death will have been blamed on one of the many myths of the Loch Ness Lake. I hoped that I never had to face the consequences of killing her or anyone else.

Chapter 4 by New Blue Clue



No one ever swam in the lake. Only ducks skimmed the surface, maybe a few boats or perhaps someone on a raft. So when a human girl fell into the cold, water, dreariness of the Lock Ness Lake- no one knew what to do.

The legendary merpeople made of sand just watched her, with their cold eyes. Watching, as she quickly sunk to the bottom, tried to fight to the surface, began hacking and gasping- sucking in the musty water, then stopped moving all together. Watching as she hit the sand at the bottom- creating a cloud of it in the water. Staring at the life draining out of this innocent girl, with no reaction. Death was a commonality in their waters. In fact, death was something they had often caused to befall many other creatures.

Hunting for fish and fear simply for sport, they only needed algae to live. They were cruel and heartless, a majority so old they could come apart at any moment. Now, only five of the creatures remained- their ages averaging at 240 years old.

Easily able to avoid the eye of a human, they were easily concealed not only by sand, but by the dark greenish-blue of the waters. They could be called similar to humans, yet they were essentially just a head, eyes (made of rock), a mouth (just a gaping hole inside of their face), a neck, arms, a torso, and legs. Their life span generally extended to about 300 years, unless they went too close to the surface and were destroyed by a boat propeller.

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lake at all times of the day, this process was no longer possible. This made them spiteful towards humans, as well as cruel and heartless.

For this reason, watching any human suffer usually brought them immense joy and glee.... but for a human this young, they felt no satisfaction, or sorrow. *They felt nothing.* All of them, except for one. The youngest one- being only 100 years old.

Her heart broke to see any creature in pain, and constantly tried to stop the others from hurting anything, but her efforts were usually in vain. However, she had never sense a soul so innocent and pure. Seeing this poor creature suffering caused something to shift inside of her. She knew she had to safe them, *this was her calling.* The only question was how.

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